

THE  
**SATURDAY MAGAZINE.**

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VOL. II.—NO. 12.

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**Philadelphia, March 23, 1822.**

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**Miscellany.**

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**CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.**

*Being an Extract from the Life of a Scholar.*

(Continued from p. 174.)

So then, Oxford-street, stony-hearted step-mother! thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children, at length I was dismissed from thee: the time was come at last that I no more should pace in anguish thy never-ending terraces; no more should dream, and wake in captivity to the pangs of hunger. Successors, too many, to myself and Ann, have, doubtless, since then trodden in our footsteps—inheritors of our calamities: other orphans than Ann have sighed: tears have been shed by other children: and thou, Oxford-street, hast since, doubtless, echoed to the groans of innumerable hearts. For myself, however, the storm which I had outlived seemed to have been the pledge of a long fair weather; the premature sufferings which I had paid down, to have been accepted as a ransom for many years to come, as a price of long immunity from sorrow: and if again I walked in London, a solitary and contemplative man, (as oftentimes I did,) I walked for the most part in serenity and peace of mind. And, although it is true that the calamities of my noviciate in London had struck root so deeply in my bodily constitution that afterwards they shot up and flourished afresh, and grew into a noxious umbrage that has overshadowed and darkened my latter years, yet these second assaults of suffering were met with a fortitude more confirmed, with the resources of a maturer intellect, and with alleviations from sympathising affection—how deep and tender!

Thus, however, with whatsoever alleviations, years that were far asunder were bound together by subtle links of suffering derived from a common root. And herein I notice an instance of the short-sightedness of human desires, that oftentimes on moonlight nights, during my first mournful abode in London,

my consolation was (if such it could be thought) to gaze from Oxford-street up every avenue in succession which pierces through the heart of Marylebone to the fields and the woods; for *that*, said I, travelling with my eyes up the long vistas which lay part in light and part in shade, "*that* is the road to the north, and therefore to —, and if I had the wings of a dove, *that* way I would fly for comfort." Thus I said, and thus I wished, in my blindness; yet, even in that very northern region it was, even in that very valley, nay, in that very house to which my erroneous wishes pointed, that this second birth of my sufferings began; and that they again threatened to besiege the citadel of life and hope. There it was, that for years I was persecuted by visions as ugly, and as ghastly phantoms as ever haunted the couch of an Orestes: and in this unhappier than he, that sleep which comes to all as a respite and a restoration, and to him especially, as a blessed\* balm for his wounded heart and his haunted brain, visited me as my bitterest scourge. Thus blind was I in my desires; yet, if a veil interposes between the dim-sightedness of man and his future calamities, the same veil hides from him their alleviations; and a grief which had not been feared is met by consolations which had not been hoped. I, therefore, who participated, as it were, in the troubles of Orestes (excepting only in his agitated conscience), participated no less in all his supports: my Eumenides, like his, were at my bed-feet, and stared in upon me through the curtains: but, watching by my pillow, or defrauding herself of sleep to bear me company through the heavy watches of the night, sate my Electra: for thou, beloved M., dear companion of my later years, thou wast my Electra! and neither in nobility of mind nor in long suffering affection, wouldst permit that a Grecian sister should excel an English wife. For thou thoughtst not much to stoop to humble offices of kindness, and to servile† ministrations of tenderest affection; to wipe away for years the unwholesome dew upon the forehead, or to refresh the lips when parched and baked with fever; nor, even when thy own peaceful slumbers had by long sympathy become infected with the spectacle of my dread contest with phantoms and shadowy enemies that oftentimes bade me "sleep no more!"—not even then, didst thou utter a complaint or any murmur, nor withdraw thy angelic smiles, nor shrink from thy service of love more than Electra did of old. For she too, though she was a Grecian woman, and the daughter of the king‡ of men, yet wept sometimes, and hid her face§ in her robe.

\* Φίλον ὕπνῳ θελγητρὸν ἐπικερὸν νοσῶ.

† ἡδὺ δαλευμα. Eurip. Orest.

‡ ἀναξάνδρων Ἀγαμέμνων.

§ ὄμμα θεῖο' εἰσὼ πεπλον. The scholar will know that throughout this passage I refer to the early scenes of the Orestes; one of the most beautiful



But these troubles are past : and thou wilt read these records of a period so dolorous to us both as the legend of some hideous dream that can return no more. Meantime I am again in London : and again I pace the terraces of Oxford-street by night : and oftentimes, when I am oppressed by anxieties that demand all my philosophy and the comfort of thy presence to support, and yet remember that I am separated from thee by three hundred miles, and the length of three dreary months,—I look up the streets that run northwards from Oxford-street, upon moonlight nights, and recollect my youthful ejaculation of anguish ; and remembering that thou art sitting alone in that same valley, and mistress of that very house to which my heart turned in its blindness nineteen years ago, I think that, though blind indeed, and scattered to the winds of late, the promptings of my heart may yet have had reference to a remoter time, and may be justified if read in another meaning:—and, if I could allow myself to descend again to the impotent wishes of childhood, I should again say to myself, as I look to the north, “ Oh, that I had the wings of a dove—” and with how just a confidence in thy good and gracious nature might I add the other half of my early ejaculation—“ And *that way* I would fly for comfort.”

*The Pleasures of Opium.*—It is so long since I first took opium, that if it had been a trifling incident in my life, I might have forgotten its date : but cardinal events are not to be forgotten ; and from circumstances connected with it, I remember that it must be referred to the autumn of 1804. During that season I was in London, having come thither for the first time since my entrance at college. And my introduction to opium arose in the following way. From an early age I had been accustomed to wash my head in cold water at least once a day : being suddenly seized with tooth-ache, I attributed it to some relaxation caused by an accidental intermission of that practice ; jumped out of bed ; plunged my head into a basin of cold water ; and with hair thus wetted went to sleep. The next morning, as I need hardly say, I awoke with excruciating rheumatic pains of the head and face, from which I had hardly any respite for about twenty days. On the twenty-first day, I think it was, and on a Sunday, that I went out into the streets ; rather to run away, if possible, from my torments, than with any dis-

exhibitions of the domestic affections which even the dramas of Euripides can furnish. To the English reader, it may be necessary to say, that the situation at the opening of the drama is that of a brother attended only by his sister during the demoniacal possession of a suffering conscience (or, in the mythology of the play haunted by the furies), and in circumstances of immediate danger from enemies, and of desertion or cold regard from nominal friends.

ting purpose. By accident I met a college acquaintance who recommended opium. Opium! dread agent of unimaginable pleasure and pain! I had heard of it as I had of manna or of ambrosia, but no further: how unmeaning a sound was it at that time! what solemn chords does it now strike upon my heart! what heart-quaking vibrations of sad and happy remembrances! Reverting for a moment to these, I feel a mystic importance attached to the minutest circumstances connected with the place and the time, and the man (if man he was) that first laid open to me the Paradise of opium-eaters. It was a Sunday afternoon, wet and cheerless: and a duller spectacle this earth of ours has not to show than a rainy Sunday in London. My road homewards lay through Oxford-street; and near "the *stately* Pantheon," (as Mr. Wordsworth has obligingly called it) I saw a druggist's shop. The druggist—unconscious minister of celestial pleasures!—as if in sympathy with the rainy Sunday, looked dull and stupid, just as any mortal druggist might be expected to look on a Sunday: and, when I asked for the tincture of opium, he gave it to me as any other man might do; and furthermore, out of my shilling, returned to me what seemed to be real copper halfpence, taken out of a real wooden drawer. Nevertheless, in spite of such indications of humanity, he has ever since existed in my mind as a beatific vision of an immortal druggist sent down to earth on a special mission to myself. And it confirms me in this way of considering him, that, when I next came up to London, I sought him near the stately Pantheon, and found him not: and thus to me, who knew not his name (if indeed he had one) he seemed rather to have vanished from Oxford-street than to have removed in any bodily fashion. The reader may choose to think of him as, possibly, no more than a sublunary druggist: it may be so: but my faith is better: I believe him to have evanesced,\* or evaporated. So unwillingly would I connect any mortal remembrances with that hour, and place, and creature, that first brought me acquainted with the celestial drug.

Arrived at my lodgings, it may be supposed that I lost not a moment in taking the quantity prescribed. I was necessarily ignorant of the whole art and mystery of opium-taking: and, what I took, I took under every disadvantage. But I took it:—

\* *Evanesced*:—this way of going off the stage of life appears to have been well known in the 17th century, but at that time to have been considered a peculiar privilege of blood-royal, and by no means to be allowed to druggists. For about the year 1686 a poet of rather ominous name (and who, by the bye, did ample justice to his name), viz. Mr. *Flat-man*, in speaking of the death of Charles II. expresses his surprise that any prince should commit so absurd an act as dying; because, says he,

Kings should disdain to die, and only *disappear*.

They should *abscond*, that is, into the other world.



and in an hour, oh! Heavens! what a revulsion! what an upheaving, from its lowest depths, of the inner spirit! what an apocalypse of the world within me! That my pains had vanished, was now a trifle in my eyes: this negative effect was swallowed up in the immensity of those positive effects which had opened before me—in the abyss of divine enjoyment thus suddenly revealed. Here was a panacea—a *φάρμακον υπενδης* for all human woes: here was the secret of happiness, about which philosophers had disputed for so many ages, at once discovered: happiness might now be bought for a penny, and carried in the waistcoat pocket: portable ecstasies might be had corked up in a pint bottle: and peace of mind could be sent down in gallons by the mail-coach. But, if I talk in this way, the reader will think I am laughing: and I can assure him, that nobody will laugh long who deals much with opium: its pleasures even are of a grave and solemn complexion; and in his happiest state, the opium-eater cannot present himself in the character of *l'Allegro*: even then, he speaks and thinks as becomes *Il Penseroso*. Nevertheless, I have a very reprehensible way of jesting at times in the midst of my own misery; and, unless when I am checked by some more powerful feelings, I am afraid I shall be guilty of this indecent practice even in these annals of suffering or enjoyment. The reader must allow a little to my infirm nature in this respect: and with a few indulgences of that sort, I shall endeavour to be as grave, if not drowsy, as fits a theme like opium, so anti-mercurial as it really is, and so drowsy as it is falsely reputed.

(To be continued.)

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*Illustrations of Biblical Literature, exhibiting the History and Fate of the Holy Writings, from the earliest period of the present Century; including Biographical Notices to Translators, and other eminent Biblical Scholars. By the Rev. James Townley, author of Biblical Anecdotes.*

The “Biblical Anecdotes,” mentioned in the title-page above quoted, have made the author so sufficiently known as to render any notice or praise of him quite unnecessary. An able and diligent scholar, unwearied in research, sound in principle, and impartial in the exposition of the truth, he has brought all those rare requisites to his great and laborious task which its extreme difficulty and vital importance demanded. His work has thus been made a vast storehouse of biblical learning, and a most interesting epitome of biblical history. Judging from our own impressions, we are free to say, that it presents a mass of information altogether extraordinary in an era when bookmaking

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has become a trade which men carry on with the slightest, or often without any capital; nor are its contents less valuable than they are various, less worthy of admiration for their intrinsic qualities than remarkable for being the result of patient study and deep inquiry. And we should be much misunderstood were it supposed from these observations that this is a heavy plodding book, fit only for the library of the erudite: on the contrary, it is delightfully calculated to blend recreation with utility, and, by being adapted to every capacity, is as suitable for general reading as it is excellent for scholastic reference. Indeed, we could not name a superior publication for the use of families: it is precisely at the head of that class which most highly recommends itself for perusal on the Sabbath day, combining so much to fix the attention of the young and the less informed with what it is good for all to learn, that it must yield at the same time the pleasure of ingenious fiction and light literature, and the gratification of holy truth and essential knowledge.

“The Bible (said Locke) has God for its author; Truth, without any mixture of Error, for its matter; and Salvation for its end:” and the author adds,—

“Impressed with these sentiments, the study of the invaluable Records of wisdom and grace, has formed one of the most interesting and delightful occupations of the present writer; and the more diligently and critically he has examined them, the more fully he has been convinced of their divine origin and inspiration. To trace the successive history, and various fate, of these Divine Writings, from the promulgation of the Law, on Sinai, to the present eventful period, has, for several years, employed the hours which he could spare from the laborious engagements of ministerial duty. The present work is the result of some of those inquiries, and will, it is hoped, supply a desideratum in Sacred literature, by offering to the reader a more comprehensive view of the progress of Biblical translations, and of the literary and ecclesiastical history of the Holy Scriptures, than has hitherto been presented to the public.”

We congratulate him on his success, and the public on the appearance of these volumes, the origin and objects of which are more fully explained in the following extract:—

“In 1813, the author published a small volume, intitled ‘Biblical Anecdotes,’ which met with a favourable reception, and was noticed in some of the literary journals with peculiar candour and liberality; another edition being called for, the writer conceived he could not more properly mark his grateful sense of the public approbation, than by endeavouring to render his work more perfect, and thereby, as he hoped, more useful to the Biblical scholar, and more worthy of general perusal. This he



has attempted in the present '*Illustrations*,' which from its embracing a range and variety of information inconsistent with the size and object of his former publication, may be considered as a new work, and to which he has, therefore, prefixed a title more appropriate to the diversified nature of the subjects it embraces.

"In this work it has been the wish of the writer to present his readers with a connected view of the History of Biblical translations, and of the state of Sacred literature, from the earliest date, to the commencement of the present century, with '*Biographical notices of eminent Biblical Scholars and Critics*,' and such occasional sketches of the history of the manners and superstitions of the darker ages, as may illustrate the advantages derivable from a more general dissemination of the Inspired Writings.—In such a work, various imperfections will doubtless be discovered by many excellent scholars, whose profound learning and extensive acquaintance with every part of Sacred literature and criticism, would have qualified them for undertaking a similar work, with peculiar success; the author, nevertheless, is assured, that those who are best able to appreciate the difficulties of the work, will be the first to apologize for its defects, and to render justice to its merits. He is, however, free to confess that had he contemplated the obstacles which presented themselves to the accomplishment of his design, he should scarcely have ventured to undertake it. With hardly a ray to guide him through the untravelled paths of the dark ages of ignorance and superstition, he has turned over many a ponderous *tome*, hoping to meet with information suited to his subject, and been utterly disappointed. The scantiness of biographical history, the diversity of dates, and the discordant opinions of bibliographers, increased his labour: hours, and sometimes days have been spent, in procuring a biographical notice, fixing a date, ascertaining the author of a version, or reconciling the apparent contradictions of historical details, and, in some cases, without effect. If, after all, his work prove serviceable to the interests of the Christian Religion, to which he is infinitely indebted for invaluable consolations and hopes, and receive the approbation of the Almighty Head of the Church, the author will be more than remunerated for his labours."

Having thus developed his purpose, we shall proceed to exhibit the manner in which Mr. Townley has executed his design. He has divided his subject into centuries, commencing with a distinct view of Biblical literature before the Christian era. This portion occupies only 76 pages of the first volume, and is, like the rest of the work, replete with illustrations at once applicable and singularly interesting. For example, we find here a history of the earliest materials employed in recording

human events or divine laws.—We are not aware of any subject more universally attractive, and we could not select a better introductory specimen of these instructing “Illustrations.” We may preface that it is contended, that Moses was the first who delivered grammar or letters to the Jews, that the Samaritan is the oldest language, and that cutting on stone (as the Law on Mount Sinai) is the most ancient species of record. The author then says,—

“Similar practices were afterwards adopted by other nations; and hard substances, such as stones and metals, were generally made use of for edicts, and matters of public notoriety: hence the celebrated *Laws of the Twelve Tables* among the Romans, were so called from being written or engraved on twelve slabs, or tablets of brass, or ivory, or oak; and hung up for public inspection. The laws penal, civil, and ceremonial, among the Greeks, were engraven on triangular tables of brass, which were called *Cyrbes*. Trithemius asserts, that the public monuments of France were anciently inscribed on *silver*. The Rev. Dr. Claudius Buchanan, in 1807, found the Jews in India, in possession of several tablets of brass, containing grants of privileges made to their ancestors. In the *Asiatic Researches*, particularly in vol. ix. art. 10, various notices may be found of ancient grants, and inscriptions upon tablets or plates of brass: Gibbon also (*Decline and Fall of the Rom. Emp.* vol. VIII. ch. xlv. pp. 5, 6.) remarks, that in the year 1444, seven or eight tables of brass were dug up between Cortona and Gubio; part of them inscribed with the Etruscan character; the rest representing the primitive state of the Pelasgic letters and language. And Captain Percival relates, that when Raja Singa, king of Candy, sent an embassy to the Dutch governor of Pulicat in 1636, the letter with which the ambassador was charged, was written in Arabic, on tablets of gold. Montfaucon (*Journey through Italy*, p. 287) says, that in the palace of *Strozzi* at Rome, he saw a book made of marble, the leaves of which were cut to a wonderful thinness, so that turning them over, you might see all the several kinds of marble. The ancient Chaldeans stamped or engraved their astronomical observations upon bricks; and within a few years, considerable quantities of such bricks have been dug up in the vicinity of Hilleh, the real or supposed site of the ancient Babel. Several *fac-similes* of the inscriptions on these bricks, are given in the *Classical Journal*, No. V. p. 127. Diogenes Laertius tells us concerning the Greek philosopher, Cleanthes, that ‘being poor, and wanting money to buy paper, he was accustomed to write the lectures and discoveries of his master, Zeno, on small *shells*, or bones of oxen.’ The Koran of Mohamed was recorded at first, by his disciples, on palm-leaves, and the shoulder-bones of mutton; and kept in a domestic



chest, by one of his wives. (Gibbon, Decline and Fall of Rom. Emp. vol. IX. ch. 1. p. 268.)

"According to Pliny, (Lib. ix. ch. 11.) one of the most ancient methods of writing, was upon the *Leaves of the Palm Tree*, and afterwards, upon the *inner Bark of Trees*. This mode of writing is still common in the East. In Tanjore and other parts of India, the Palmyra leaf is used, on which they engrave with an iron style or pen; and so expert are the natives, that they can write fluently what is spoken deliberately. They do not look much at their *Ollas*, or leaves, while writing, the fibre of the leaf serving to guide the pen. The aptitude of the Christian Hindoos to copy the sermons they hear, is particularly noticed by the Rev. Dr. C. Buchanan, in his *Christian Researches*, p. 66. where he observes, that 'whilst the Rev. Dr. John delivered an animated discourse in the Tamul tongue, many persons had their Ollas in their hands, writing the sermon in Tamul short-hand.' Dr. Francis Buchanan, in a valuable essay 'On the Religion and Literature of the Burmas,' informs us, that 'in their more elegant books, the Burmas write on sheets of ivory, or on very fine white palmyra leaves. The ivory is stained black, and the margins are ornamented with gilding, while the characters are enamelled or gilded. On the palmyra leaves the characters are in general of black enamel, and the ends of the leaves and margins, are painted with flowers in various bright colours. In their more common books, the Burmas, with an iron style, engrave their writing on palmyra leaves. A hole through both ends of each leaf, serves to connect the whole into a volume, by means of two strings, which also pass through the two wooden boards that serve for binding. In the finer binding of these kinds of books, the boards are lacquered, the edges of the leaves cut smooth and gilded, and the title is written on the upper board; the two cords are, by a *knot* or *jewel*, secured at a little distance from the boards, so as to prevent the book from falling to pieces, but sufficiently distant to admit of the upper leaves being turned back, while the lower ones are read. The more elegant books are in general wrapped up in silk cloth, and bound round by a garter, in which the Burmas have the art to weave the title of the book.'

"A beautifully written Indian manuscript now lies before me. The characters are minute and neatly executed. They have been written or engraved so as to enter into the substance of the leaf. The ink is black. The whole is composed of seven distinct portions of leaf, each portion being  $16\frac{1}{4}$  inches in length and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch in breadth, the lines running parallel to each other, from end to end of the leaf. Two holes are made in each leaf about six inches asunder. A string passed through the holes

at each end secures the whole; but the leaves being written on both sides must be untied before they can be read.

“ The Ceylonese sometimes make use of the palm-leaf, and sometimes of a kind of paper, made of bark, but most generally employ the leaf of the Talipot-tree. From these leaves, which are of immense size, they cut out slips, from a foot to a foot and a half long, and about a couple of inches broad. These slips are smoothed, and all excrescences pared off with a knife, and are then, without any other preparation, ready to be used. A fine pointed steel pencil, like a bodkin, and set in a wooden or ivory handle, is employed to write or rather to engrave their letters, on these talipot slips, which are very thick and tough; and in order to render the writing distinct and permanent, they rub them over with oil mixed with pulverized charcoal. They afterwards string several slips together, by a piece of twine passed through them, and attach them to a board in the same way as we file newspapers. In those letters or despatches which were sent by the King of Candy to the Dutch government, the writing was inclosed in leaves of beaten gold, in the shape of a cocoa-tree leaf. This was rolled up in a cover richly ornamented, and almost hid in a profusion of pearls and other precious stones. The whole was inclosed in a box of silver or ivory, which was sealed with the king's great seal.

“ Diodorus Siculus (Lib. ii. p. 84) affirms, that the Persians of old wrote all their records on SKINS: and Herodotus, who flourished more than five hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, informs us, (Lib. v.) that sheep skins and goat skins were made use of in writing by the ancient Ionians. Mr. Yeates even thinks it exceedingly probable, that the very Auto-graph of the Law written by the hand of Moses, was upon prepared skins. In Exodus xxvi. 14. we read that *Rams' Skins, dyed red*, made part of the covering for the tabernacle; and it is a singular circumstance, that in the year 1806, Dr. Claudius Buchanan obtained from one of the synagogues of the Black Jews, in the interior of Malayala in India, a very ancient manuscript roll, containing the major part of the Hebrew Scriptures, written upon Goats' Skins, mostly dyed red; and the Cabul Jews, who travel annually into the interior of China, remarked, that *in some synagogues the Law is still found written on a roll of leather; not on vellum, but on a soft, flexible leather, made of Goats' Skins, and dyed red.* Of the six Synagogue-copies of the Pentateuch in Rolls, which are all at present known in England, exclusive of those in the possession of the Jews, five are upon skins or leather, and the other upon vellum. One of these is in the Collegiate Library at Manchester, and has never been collated. It is written upon *Basil, or brown African skins*, and measures in length 106 feet, and is about 20 inches in breadth.



The letters are black and well preserved, and the whole text is without points, accents, or marginal additions.

“The *skins of fishes* were also sometimes employed for writing upon; and Zonaras (Annal. Lib. iii.) relates, that the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer were written upon the *intestines of a serpent*, in characters of gold, forming a roll 100 feet in length. This singular work is said to have been consumed in the dreadful fire which happened at Constantinople, in the fifth century, and destroyed nearly the whole city, together with the Library, containing 20,000 volumes.

“From Job xix. 24, it appears to have been usual in his day, to write or engrave upon Plates of LEAD, which might easily be done with a *Pen*, or *Graver*, or *Style of Iron*, or other hard metal. Montfaucon (Antiq. Expliquée, tom. II. p. 378.), assures us, that in 1699, he bought at Rome, a book entirely of lead, about four inches long, by three inches wide. Not only the two pieces which formed the cover, but also all the leaves, in number six, the stick inserted into the rings, which held the leaves together, the hinges, and the nails, were all of lead, without exception. It contained Egyptian Gnostic figures, and unintelligible writing.

“The *Works and Days* of Hesiod are also said to have been inscribed on a *leaden table*, carefully preserved in the Temple of the Muses, which, when shown to Pausanias, was almost entirely corroded through age. According to Pliny, the public documents were written in leaden volumes, after the use of the Pugillares, or Wooden Tablets, had been laid aside. Thin plates of lead, reduced to a very great degree of tenuity by the mallet, were occasionally used, particularly for epistolary correspondence. Æneas Poliorceticus tells us, that they were beaten with a hammer until they were rendered very thin and pliable; that they were sometimes sewed up between the soles of the shoes; that even the messenger who carried them, was ignorant of the circumstance; and that while he slept, the correspondent to whom they were addressed, unsewed the shoes, read the letters, replaced others, and thus carried on a secret intercourse without suspicion.

“It was also an ancient practice, to write upon thin smooth planks or *Tables of Wood*. Pliny says, that table-books of wood were in use before the time of Homer. The Chinese, before the invention of paper, engraved with an iron tool upon thin boards, or upon bamboo; and in the Sloanian Library at Oxford, are six specimens of *Kufic* or ancient Arabic writing, on boards about two feet in length, and six inches in depth.

“The original manner of writing among the ancient *Britons* was, by cutting the letters with a knife upon sticks, which were most commonly squared, and sometimes formed into three.

sides; consequently a single stick contained either four or three lines. (See Ezek. xxxvii. 16.) Several sticks, with writing upon them, were put together, forming a kind of frame, which was called *Peithynen* or *Elucidator*, and was so constructed, that each stick might be turned for the facility of reading, the end of each running out alternately on both sides of the frame. A continuation of this mode of writing may be found in the *Runic*, or *Log Almanacks* of the Northern States of Europe, in which the engraving on square pieces of wood has been continued to the present time. A late writer informs us, the Boors of *Æsel*, an island of the Baltic Sea, at the entrance of the Gulf of Livonia, continue the practice of making these rude calendars for themselves; and that they are in use likewise in the isles of *Ruhn* and *Mohn*. Two curious specimens of the *Runic Almanacks* are in the Collegiate Library at Manchester.

“Bishop Nicolson, in his *English Historical Library*, (2nd edit. fol. pt. i. p. 52.) remarks, ‘The *Danes* (as all other ancient people of the world) registered their more considerable transactions upon Rocks, or on parts of them, hewn in various shapes and figures. On these they engraved such inscriptions as were proper for their Heathen altars, triumphal arches, sepulchral monuments, and genealogical histories of their ancestors. Their writings of less concern, (as letters, almanacks, &c.) were engraved upon Wood: and because *Beech* was most plentiful in Denmark, (though *Fir* and *Oak* be so in Norway and Sweden) and most commonly employed in these services, from the word *Bog*, which in their language is the name of that sort of wood, they and all other northern nations have the name of *Book*. The poorer sort used *Bark*; and the *Horns* of Rein-deer and Elks were often finely polished, and shaped into books of several leaves. Many of their old calendars are likewise upon *Bones* of Beasts and Fishes; but the inscriptions on Tapestry, Bells, Parchment, and Paper are of later use.’”

(*To be continued.*)

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#### THE PLAGUE IN MALTA.

BY MURDO YOUNG, ESQ.

Having been in Malta in the year 1813, during the prevalence of the plague in that island, and having seen no description of its ravages since my arrival in the country, I am induced to give a brief account of its appearance, progress, and termination.

About the beginning of May, 1813, a rumour was propagated that the plague had made its appearance in the city of *La-Valette*, the capital of Malta. This report was treated with ridicule by the Maltese faculty, and with merriment by the popu-



lace. However, in a few days, symptoms of sickness exhibited themselves in the house of a person who had recently received some leather from the Levant. This man's child was taken ill, and died suddenly. His wife shared the same fate: and, after having been carried to the quarantine hospital, or lazaretto, he, too, fell a sacrifice to the unknown disease.

The dissolution of this family created for some time an alarm, which wavered between hope and fear, till, all at once, the pestilence burst forth in various parts of the town. Amusements instantly ceased—places of public worship were shut up;—for it was confidently asserted, that infected persons having gone thither, communicated the evil to the multitude, and thereby conduced to its general diffusion.

The unusual heat of the sun at this time, joined with the want of sea breezes, rendered La-Valetta so intolerably disagreeable, that many of the higher orders suddenly departed into the interior of the island; but, notwithstanding all their precautions, they carried the plague along with them. In the early stages of its progress, the victims of this disease lingered about a week before they expired; but now it became so virulent, that a man fell lifeless in the street! People observed him stagger, reel round, and sink in convulsions, but none would venture near him:—life was dear to all—and there was no power to compel them. Persuasion was used in vain; for it was immediately retorted—*Go yourself!* One might as well ask them to rouse a lion from his slumber, as to bear the victim to his grave.

Prohibitory orders were now issued, forbidding all persons to appear in the streets, with the exception of those who had passports from the Governor, or the Board of Health. The consequence of this necessary precaution seemed to be, that the disease abated considerably, and very nearly ceased to exist. But while the rigour of quarantine was relaxing, and the intercourse of business renewing, the plague suddenly reappeared. This was owing to the reprehensible avarice of mercenary individuals, who had been employed to burn the furniture, clothes, &c. belonging to infected houses, but who, instead of effectually performing their duty, had secreted some articles of value, and some wearing apparel, which they now sold to needy people, who, ignorant of the consequence, strutted in the splendid garb of pestilence to a nameless grave.

The plague now raged with accumulated horrors; and the lazaretto being insufficient to contain one half of the sick, who were daily crowding in, temporary hospitals were, at a very great expense, erected outside of the town. Indeed no expense was spared to overcome the evil. But the manifest incapacity of the native doctors, or rather quacks, was worthy of their cowardice. They were wofully deficient in anatomy, and never

had any distinct idea of symptom, cause, or effect. Their knowledge extended no farther than common-place medicine, and herbs—to the use and application of which, old women, in all countries, have equal pretensions. These unfeeling quacks could never be prevailed upon to approach within three yards of any patient whom they visited. They carried an opera glass, with which they examined the diseased person in a hurried manner, being always ready to make their escape if any one approached near enough to touch them. I witnessed a ludicrous proof of their selfish terror, while the plague was under the same roof with myself. While a quack was looking in the above manner at the *attendant* upon the person infected, and inquiring how he felt, &c. &c. the sick man walked up to the quack, and exhibited the part affected. The charlatan, not being aware of this, felt so confounded on perceiving him so near, that, in his anxiety to gain the door, he actually *pushed the infected man* from him, and hurried away! It is but justice to except from this character of the Maltese faculty one gentleman, who having travelled on the continent of Europe, had made himself master of the various branches of his profession: but I am sorry to add, that he fell a sacrifice to his humanity in behalf of his countrymen.

About the middle of summer, the plague became so deadly, that the number of its victims increased to an alarming degree, from fifty to seventy-five daily. The number falling sick was equal, indeed greater. Such was the printed report of the Board of Health: but the real extent of the calamity was not known; for people had such dreadful apprehensions of the plague-hospitals, whither every person was carried along with the sick from the infected houses, that they actually denied the existence of the disease in their families, and buried its victims in the house or garden. These were horrible moments! Other miseries of mankind bear no parallel to the calamities of the plague. The sympathy which relatives feel for the wounded and the dying, in battle, is but the shadow of that heart-rending affliction inspired by the ravages of pestilence. In the first, the scene is far removed; and were it even present to the view, the comparison fades. Conceive in the same house, the beholder, the sickening, and the dying; to help is dreadful! and to refuse assistance is unnatural! It is like the shipwrecked mariner trying to rescue his drowning companion, and sinking with him into the same oblivious grave!

Indeed, the better feelings of the heart were quenched by this appalling evil; and the natives who ventured to remove the sick and the dead, shared their fate in such numbers, that great apprehensions were entertained, lest, in a short time, none would be found to perform this melancholy office—but



Grecians came—a death-determined band,  
Hell in their face—and horror in their hand!

clad in oiled leather, these daring and ferocious Greeks volunteered their services effectually; but their number was so small, that recourse was had to the prisoners of war for assistance. With a handsome reward, and the promise of gaining their liberty at the expiration of the plague, the French and Italian prisoners swept the streets, cleared and white-washed the infected houses, burning their furniture, &c.

The ignorance of the native faculty was now assisted by the arrival of reputed plague-doctors from Smyrna. These strangers excited great interest; and treated the malady with unbecoming contempt. They related the vehemence of pestilence in their country, where it was nothing unusual, when the morning arose, to find from one to three or four hundred persons in the streets and fields, stretched in the dewy air of death!—That the promptitude of the people was commensurate with the evil; for wherever a corpse was found, two men unbound their sashes, rolled them round the head and feet of the body, and hurried with it to the grave. However, they seemed to have left their knowledge at home; for though their indifference was astonishing, and their intrepidity most praiseworthy—entering into the vilest and most forbidding places—handling the sick, the dying, and the dead—the nature of this disease completely baffled their exertions and defied their skill.

The *casals* or villages of *Birchicarra*, *Zebbug*, and *Curmi*, suffered lamentably; the last most severely, on account of its moist situation. The work of death was familiar to all: and black-covered vehicles, to which the number of victims made it necessary to have recourse, rendered the evil still more ghastly. Large pits had been previously scooped out, and thither the dead were conveyed at night, and tumbled in from these vehicles, in the same manner as in this country rubbish is thrown from carts. The *silence* of day was not less dreary than the *dark parade* of night. That silence was now and then broken by the dismal cry for the “*Dead!*” as the unhallowed bier passed along the streets, preceded and followed by guards. The miseries of disease contributed to bring on the horrors of famine! The island is very populous, and cannot support itself. Trade was at a stand—the bays were forsaken—and strangers, appearing off the harbour, on perceiving the yellow flag of quarantine, paused awhile, and raised our expectations only to depress our feelings more bitterly by their departure.

Sicily is the parent granary of Malta, but, though the Sicilians had provisions on board their boats ready to come over, on hearing of the plague they absolutely refused to put to sea. The British commodore in Syracuse was not to be trifled with in this

manner, and left it to their choice, either to go to Malta, or to the bottom of the deep. They preferred the former; but, on their arrival at home, neither solicitation nor threat could induce their return. In this forlorn state the *Moors* generously offered their services, and supplied the isle with provisions, which were publicly distributed; but the extreme insolence and brutality of the creatures employed in that office, very often tended to make the hungry loathe that food which, a moment before, they craved to eat.

In autumn the plague unexpectedly declined, and business began partly to revive. But every face betrayed a misgiving lest it should return as formerly. People felt as sailors do on the sudden cessation of a storm, when the wind changes to the opposite point of the compass, only to blow with redoubled fury. Their conjecture was but too well founded. The plague returned a third time, from a more melancholy cause than formerly. Two men who must have known themselves to be infected, sold bread in the streets—the poor starving inhabitants bought it, and caught the infection. One of these scoundrels fell a victim to the disease, the other fled; but his career was short—the quarantine guard shot him in his endeavour to escape. This guard was composed of natives, who paraded the streets, having power to take up any person found abroad without a passport.

Fancy may conjure up a thousand horrors, but there is one scene, which, when imagination keeps within the verge of probability, it will not be easy to surpass. About three hundred of the convalescent were conveyed to a temporary lazaretto, or ruinous building, in the vicinity of Fort Angelo. Thither some more were taken afterwards—but it was like touching gunpowder with lightning—infection spread from the last, and such a scene ensued, “as even imagination fears to trace.” The catastrophe of the black-hole at Calcutta bears no comparison to this: there, it was suffocation—here it was the blasting breath of pestilence!—the living—the dying—and the dead, huddled together in one putrescent grave! Curses, prayers, and delirium, mingled in one groan of horror, till the shuddering hand of death hushed the agonies of nature!

A singular calamity befel one of the holy Brotherhood. His maid-servant having gone to draw some water, did not return. The priest felt uneasy at her long absence, and, calling her in vain, went to the draw-well in quest of her—she was drowned! He laid hold of the rope with the intention of helping her—and in that act was found, standing in the calm serenity of death!

The plague usually attacked the sufferer with giddiness and want of appetite—apathy ensued. An abscess formed un-



der each arm-pit, and one on the groin. It was the practice to dissipate these; and if that could be done, the patient survived; if not, the abscesses grew of a livid colour, and suppurated. Then was the critical moment—of life or dissolution.

The rains of December, and the cold breezes of January, dispelled the remains of the plague in La-Valette: but it existed for some months longer in the villages. The disease, which was supposed to have originated from putrid vegetables, and other matter, peculiarly affected the natives. There were only twelve deaths of British residents during its existence in the island; and these deaths were ascertained to have followed from other and indubitable causes. Cleanliness was found to be the best preventive against the power of the disease, the ravages of which were greater in the abodes of poverty and wretchedness. Every precaution was wisely taken by the former, and by the present governor. The soldiers were every morning lightly moistened with oil, which proceeded in constant exhalation from the heat of their bodies, and thereby prevented the possibility of the contagion affecting them. Tobacco was profusely smoked, and burnt in the dwellings of the inhabitants, who, during the prolonged quarantine, felt very uneasy to resume business. They beguiled their evenings by walking on the terraces, the tops of the houses being all, or principally, flat. When the quarantine ceased, they hastened eagerly to learn the fate of their friends, in the same manner as sailors hurry below after battle, to see how many of their messmates have survived to share in the dream of glory!

Before leaving Malta, I had the melancholy satisfaction of standing on the ruins of the plague-hospital, which had been burnt to ashes—that place where so many hopes and fears were hushed to rest! It gave rise to dismal recollections!

May none of my readers ever behold the miseries of the plague, or endure the lingering tantalization of the quarantine.

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## Biography.

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### MISS ELIZABETH SMITH.

Miss Elizabeth Smith was born in December, 1776, at B—, in the county of Durham, where her parents then lived in affluence. She was remarkable, in her early years, for a thirst of knowledge, for regularity, and reflection. During her youth, she does not seem to have enjoyed any peculiar advantages, except in the instruction of her mother, who appears, from some of her letters, to have possessed an elegant and cultivated understanding. In 1785, Mr. and Mrs. Smith removed to

Piercefield, a celebrated and romantic seat on the Wye; where, in the summer of 1789, Elizabeth became acquainted with the lady who has published her life. Notwithstanding the difference in their years, Elizabeth and Mrs. H. Bowdler soon became intimately acquainted; and their friendship only terminated with the death of the former. In 1793, a bank in which Mr. Smith was engaged failed; and this unexpected stroke at once reduced Elizabeth and her family from affluence to very narrow circumstances. She lost her books, her instruments, and the command of all those elegant comforts and conveniences which are generally found so necessary to the formation of the female character. From that time till the summer of 1801, Miss Smith had no certain home. Some part of that period she passed with Mrs. H. Bowdler at Bath; several years were spent in Ireland, where Mr. Smith was quartered, amidst the inconveniences and distractions of military cantonments; and the rest at the residence of friends, or in a hired house on the banks of the Ulswater. Yet it must have been during these years, and under such disadvantages, that Miss Smith acquired that variety and depth of erudition, which justly rendered her an object of admiration to all who knew her. After the year 1801, Miss Smith principally resided at a small farm and mansion seated among the lakes; where, in the summer of 1805, she caught a cold, which though it at first seemed trifling, terminated her life on the 7th of August, 1806. She was at the time of her death not quite thirty years of age.

Of the force of Miss Smith's genius, and the variety of her attainments, the reader will be able to form some judgment, from the following summary, which is contained in a letter from Mrs. H. Bowdler to Dr. Mumssen.

"The lovely young creature on whose account I first applied to you, had been for above a year gradually declining, and on the 7th of August she resigned her spirit to God who gave it. Her character was so extraordinary, and she was so very dear to me, that I hope you will forgive me dwelling a little longer on my irreparable loss. Her person and manners were extremely pleasing, with a pensive softness of countenance that indicated deep reflection; but her extreme timidity concealed the most extraordinary talents that ever fell under my observation. With scarcely any assistance, she taught herself the French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages. She had no inconsiderable knowledge of Arabic and Persic. She was well acquainted with geometry, algebra, and other branches of the mathematics. She was a very fine musician. She drew landscapes from nature extremely well, and was a mistress of perspective. She showed an early taste for poetry, of which some specimens remain; but I believe she



destroyed most of the effusions of her youthful muse, when an acquaintance with your great poet, and still more when the sublime compositions of the Hebrew bards, gave a different turn to her thoughts. With all these acquirements, she was perfectly feminine in her disposition; elegant, modest, gentle, and affectionate, nothing was neglected which a woman ought to know; no duty was omitted which her situation in life required her to perform."

Amid such pursuits and enjoyments, we need not wonder if Miss Smith felt little regret for the loss of affluence. She had only resigned that which thousands had enjoyed in common with herself; that which though it may shelter us from some sorrows, can never confer happiness; but she retained her best riches, those faculties and feelings which are the true fountains of enjoyment, and which Providence had bestowed on her with a liberal hand. Poverty neither dimmed her intellect nor chilled her heart; and while her mind was daily occupied with new inquiries after knowledge, her affections were cherished and satisfied with the friendship of those she loved.

It is surely profitable to remark, how greatly Miss Smith was indebted for her resources, in the reverse of fortune which she experienced, to her early habits of reading and reflection. These fortified her mind, and enabled her, with religion for her instructress, to form a just estimate of the things which really minister to our happiness. These secured to her those friends whose conversation delighted and improved her—whose approbation animated her ardour—whose experience directed her pursuits—and whose tenderness excited, without fear of excess, the most delightful sentiments of our nature. These furnished, through succeeding years, the means of constant occupation; not constrained by necessity, or by a dread of vacancy and restlessness; not limited to a single pursuit, which becomes wearisome by its continued recurrence, and narrows the understanding, even while it quickens the faculties, but always new, always useful, equally fitted for society and solitude, sickness and health, prosperity and misfortune.

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### Variety.

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#### THE QUEER QUIZZICAL QUERIST, AND THE PLIANT REPLIER REplete WITH PLEASANTRY.

Q. What is the difference between a good governess and a bad one?

R. A good one guides Miss, and the other *misguides*.

Q. What noun is that most admired by the ambitious?

R. *Renown*.

Q. Why is a doctor's prescription a good thing to feed pigs with?

R. Because they would find *grains* in it.

Q. Why is opening a letter like a very strange way of getting into a room.

R. Because it is breaking through the *sealing*.

Q. Why is a tradesman like a good student in divinity?

R. Because he studies his *profits* (prophets).

Q. Why is the middle of precocity like an isthmus?

R. Because it is placed between two *c's*.

Q. What net is the most certain to catch a handsome wife?

R. A *coro-net*.

Q. Why is education like a tailor?

R. Because it forms our *habits*.

Q. Why is a chronologist like a palm-tree?

R. Because he can supply you with *dates*.

Q. Why are the toes like ancient histories?

R. Because they are *leg-ends* (legends).

#### A MIRACLE.

An old maiden lady, who was a warm admirer of the Pretender, happened to have in her possession a very beautiful Canary bird, which Lord Peterborough was desirous to obtain for a lady of his acquaintance, who had taken a great fancy to it. Neither bribes, however, nor even his lordship's eloquence, could prevail; the old lady pertinaciously refused to yield up her favourite. His lordship, therefore, sily contrived to steal the bird, and to substitute another in its place, which was a perfect prototype of the other, except, indeed, in that respect only which constituted the grand value of its rival, its note—the changling was perfectly mute. Immediately after this manœuvre, the battle took place which ruined the hopes of the Pretender. His lordship now again called on the old lady, and the better to conceal his share in the trick he had played upon her, he was about to be still more urgent than ever for the possession of the little songster, when she immediately put an end to his pretended entreaties, by saying, "Oh! oh! my lord, then you are come again, I presume, to coax me out of my dear little idol; but it is all in vain, he is now dearer to me than ever; I would not part with him for his cage full of gold. Would you believe it, my lord? from the moment that his gracious sovereign was defeated, the sweet little fellow has not uttered a single note." How his lordship preserved the composure of his features at this declaration, it may be difficult to conceive; he probably never felt self-command more difficult, or himself placed in a more trying situation.



## FRENCH GRENADIER.

During the assault of Commodore Thurot on the town of Carrickfergus, in 1760, an incident took place, reflecting at once the highest lustre on the soldier concerned, and evincing the union of consummate courage with noble humanity. Whilst the combatants were opposed to each other in the streets, and every inch was pertinaciously disputed by the British forces, a child, by some accident, escaped from a house in the midst of the scene of action, and ran, unawed by the danger, into the narrow interval between the hostile fronts. One of the French grenadiers, seeing the imminent danger of the child, grounded his piece, left the ranks in the hottest fire, took the child in his arms, and placed it in safety in the house from which it had come, and then, with all possible haste, returned to resume his part in the fight.

A citizen missed two pounds of fresh butter, which was to be reserved for himself. The maid, however, had not only stole it, but fastened the theft upon the cat; averring, moreover, she caught her in the act of finishing the last morsel. The wily cit immediately put the kitten into the scales, and found it to weigh but a pound and a half! This city mode of accurate reasoning being quite conclusive, the girl confessed her crime. The above story is said to be Menage's.—(See *Piozzi's Journey*, vol. 2. p. 368.)

Pontoppidan, the historian of Norway, relates, that the Italian practice of privately stabbing, prevailed at one time to such a degree among the Norwegians, that a wife was ever prepared for such an event, *by carrying her husband's shroud about her*, when they attended together a wedding-feast, or any other merry-making.

We find, also, that when the Moslem assassins murdered Mr. Cherry, at Benares, *they carried with them their winding-sheets*, which had been dipped in the holy well of Zemzen.

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Died lately, at Broxbourn, England, the Rev. W. Jones, curate and vicar for the last forty years. About twelve years ago, being very ill, he had his coffin made, but not dying as soon as he expected, he had shelves fixed in it, and converting it into a book-case, placed it in his study. Two days before he died, he desired a young man to take out the books and shelves and get the coffin ready, as he should soon want it, which was accordingly done; he further desired that the church bell might not toll, and that he might be buried as soon as possible after he was dead. This singular man was buried in the plain boards, without plate, name, date, or nails.

**Science.**

Compiled for the Saturday Magazine.

*Scientific Journeys.*—M. Sieler, a Bohemian naturalist, who travelled over Egypt and Syria in 1817 and 1818, is preparing to make a journey in Abyssinia.

Professor Rosk, of Copenhagen, known by his Icelandic and Anglo-Saxon grammar, has set out from St. Petersburg, where he has employed much time in studying the Sanscrit. He is to proceed to the Birman empire, to study the *Pali* language and the sacred books of the Buddhists. He will remain some time in the mountains of Caucasus to seek the origin of the language of the north. The probable duration of his journey will be three years.

Professor Neri has been sent by the Emperor of Russia to make researches in the steppes of independent Tartary, and to examine the course of the Oxus and the towns of Balk and Samarcand. The expedition will extend perhaps as far as the Lake Saisan.

Ambassadors have been previously sent to prepare the way in those countries so little known, and we may hope that success will crown this enterprise, which, viewed under its geographical relations, must lead to important results.

Count Romanzow has sent travellers, who are to cross the ice from the eastern coast of Asia to the western coast of America.

*The Academy of Sciences of Munich*, in Bavaria, gave a brilliant reception at its first general session, to two learned travellers, MM. Martins and Spix, who were presented to the academy on their return from Brazil. After the address of felicitation made them by M. Schichtegroll, the perpetual secretary, one of the members proposed to strike a medal in commemoration of this happy voyage, and of the generous assistance granted by the king to this important enterprise. The proposition was unanimously agreed to, and steps were immediately taken, to obtain the royal authority.

*Pisa.*—M. Andrea Vacca Berlinghieri, a physician of that town, has found a new method of performing the operation of *Esophagotomy*. By means of an instrument of his invention, and which he calls *ettopesofago*, the operation may be made without danger, and all foreign substances taken from the esophagus. He published in 1820, a memoir containing all the necessary developments.

*Means of detaching Painting in Fresco.*—Many attempts have been made to detach pictures in fresco from the walls, but



without success. M. Stefans Barezzi, of Milan, has lately found a very simple method of doing it, whatever may be the size of the picture, and of transferring it to another wall without the least risk of injury. For this purpose he covers the picture with a cloth, so prepared as to detach the picture completely, and leave the walls white. The same cloth is afterwards applied to another wall, to which the picture attaches itself, without losing the least trait. By this means many pictures have been detached from their primitive position.

The trial has been made on rough and uneven as well as on smooth walls; and always with the same success. The artist has received all possible encouragement from the Roman government. He is now engaged in separating the great picture of Marco D'Oggione, in the church Delia Pace, and it is hoped by this process, he will be able to preserve from the ravages of time, the beautiful remains of the *Supper* of Leonardo de Vinci.

*Pompeia.*—The labours at this place have been carried on with such activity, that people may now pass through most of the streets. M. Williams, an English traveller, has lately visited these ruins. He entered by the Appian way, through a narrow range of tombs, very well sculptured, on which he could read very distinctly the names of the dead. They have found near one of the gates of the city, a sentry box with the skeleton of a soldier holding a lamp in his hand. The greater part of the houses and public edifices preserve their ornaments of architecture and painting fresh and entire. The pavements of the streets is worn in many places with the wheels of carriages, and every where the life and activity of the inhabitants seem to have been all at once interrupted. At each step one discovers traces of the industry of a people overwhelmed in the midst of their labour. Here the shop of a blacksmith, with the hammer resting on the anvil; there the shop of a sculptor filled with statues just sketched out, and blocks of marble; the shop of a baker, or a wine merchant, whose drawers contain money; a school, in the midst of which is an elevation destined for the master; a large theatre, a court house, an amphitheatre 220 feet in length; temples, barracks, whose columns are covered with humorous inscriptions, and the names of soldiers who occupied it; walls, cisterns; public seats, beautiful altars in Mosaic, fragments of statues, earthen tubes for carrying water through the streets, prisons and fetters; such are the principal remains of the arts of ancient Italy. The houses of Pompeia are in general very low. Many of them are only ten feet high. The streets are about 16 feet wide, and the foot walks 3 feet, considerably elevated. The narrower streets are only 6 feet wide, with side-walks in proportion.

## Poetry.

## THE DEAF JUSTICE.

PARTLY FROM THE GERMAN. BY T. B. G.

Wits, readers, aye, and critics too,  
Like many a controversial brother,  
(Though all they say may yet be true)  
Don't clearly understand each other.

A deaf old man, and deafer dame,  
Before as deaf a justice came,  
The clerk had ears, but, sooth to say,  
He and his ears were gone away;  
But still the justice, nothing fearing,  
Gave the case what he call'd a hearing;  
And thus, with many a gesture quaint,  
The plaintiff made his sad complaint:—

“Your worship, as asleep I lay,  
Last night, beside the London way,  
I dreamt I smelt a famous smoke,  
And miss'd my whiskers when I woke.  
Your worship, 'twas a burning shame;  
I hope, I trust, you'll trounce the dame.  
I did not see her; but I heard,  
She was the brute that burnt my beard.”

“'Tis false, most false,” the matron cried,  
“In every word he spake, he lied.  
The thing's as clear as clear can be,  
My husband caught it in the sea,  
A famous fish, beyond a doubt,  
But nothing to this foolish lout.”

The justice heard, and shook his head;  
Then smiling to the plaintiff said,  
“And so you're married! well, my boy,  
With all my heart I wish you joy.  
You've got a noble strapping lady—  
Well, well, I hope the cradle's ready.”

The lady court'sied, “no,” said she,  
'Twas at the bottom of the sea.  
“Yes, please your worship,” said the man,  
“She burnt it with a warming pan.”  
“Aye!” said the justice, “that was right—  
Well, well, I wish you joy—good night!”

## EPIGRAM.

“I AM not changed, yet Henry flies”—  
“Not changed?—Oh sadly changed thou art!  
When Flavia prompted Henry's sighs,  
Her virtue form'd her fairest part.  
“Then, Flavia, cease this idle rant,  
One solemn truth let Reason speak—  
When woman has no more to grant,  
Her lover has no more to seek.”